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PARKER'S AMATEUR PLAYER.

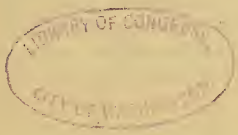
THE UNION SPY;

OR THE

Battle of Weldon Railroad.

A Military Drama in Five Acts.

BY L. W. OSGOOD.



WOBURN, MASS.:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN L. PARKER.
1871.

PS2498
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Characters Represented.

JACK SLEEPER, a Northern Student and the Union Spy.
WILL MORTIMER, his friend and companion-in-arms.
EUGENE MARION, } Southern Students, afterwards
CECIL PINCKNEY, } comrades in the Rebel army.
OLD JOE, a colored Individual.
CAPTAIN THORNDIKE, Recruiting Officer.
SERGEANT BLUSTER, Drill master of Recruits.
JOHN HARDLIP, a Bummer and afterwards Bugler.
GENERAL GRANT, Commanding Union Forces.
GENERAL WARREN, Commanding Fifth Army Corps.
COLONEL PEARSON, Commanding a Union Regiment.
GENERAL LEE, Commanding Confederate Forces.
COLONEL MAHON, Commanding Confederate Regiment.
Staff Officers to the respective Generals.
Soldiers, Citizens, Sisters of Charity, and others.

Costumes.

Students.—Dress suits in Scene I., and afterwards U. S. and C. S. uniforms, according to rank.

Old Joe.—Black face and wig, and dress of a "contraband."

Sergeant Bluster.—Extravagant dress, like a militia man of the olden time. His men dress to suit their fancy, as strikingly as possible.

John Hardlip.—Torn and dirty clothing, and make-up of a drunken man.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1871,
By JOHN L. PARKER,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE UNION SPY.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Street near College grounds.

Enter MARION *and* PINCKNEY, L., *and* SLEEPER *and* MORTIMER, R., *reading a paper.*

Marion. Well, fellows! how does the war news suit you? You look a little glum, somehow; your great freedom shriekers don't fight quite as well as they shout; not quite so safe business, I apprehend.

Mortimer. Well, Marion, I confess I am sad; no sadder news could have overwhelmed me, not even the death of my dearest friend.

Marion. This, sir, is but a feeble beginning. If you Northern abolitionists and John Brownites, with Old Abe Lincoln in his Scotch cap and cape as head centre, think you can intimidate with a few Black Republican regiments the whole South, you have made a grand mistake.

Sleeper. We don't intend to intimidate them; you, with your bloodhounds and lash, have ruled this glorious country for half a century. We have had a fair election: and now, having come into power, we claim from you, as countrymen and citizens, the same obedience to wholesome laws, that we have ever conceded to you.

Pinckney. In other words: having gained control of the government of the United States, you intend to make and administer such laws upon us, as you deem wholesome; [*sarcastically*] if you mean coercion, we defy you,—if you mean anything less, this armed parade is a mockery.

Sleeper. We mean to carry on this government—with you, if we can; without you, if you so please; against you, if you oppose; but we are going to carry it on.

Marion. And by carrying on the government you mean War, I suppose?

Sleeper. If the slave oligarchy necessitates it, yes!—If not, no!

Marion. Well, I hope you will have better success in the conduct of the government, than you have had thus far in the war; because you will soon be played out, if you don't.

Mortimer. Eugene Marion! If you are so belligerent and so brave a fellow as you mean, by your language, to have us to understand you are, you had better be among your rebel brothers in the field.

Marion. There seems to be no need of my services on that side; perhaps your [*contemptuously*] troops need some little assistance. Their unprecedented advance *from* Bull Run, a few days since, would seems to indicate as much. Perhaps it would help them a little if some of you, ranting Sumnerites, should go down there and shout your Shibboleth: "Polygamy and Slavery, twin relics of Barbarism!"

Sleeper. Before this war is ended, you will hear shouts which will grate harsher in your ears than even these words seem to do, which you have repeated with such a show of unconcern.

Pinckney. Shout away, you little freedom shrieker! You had better obtain, if possible, a few dozens of Old Gideon's trumpets to blow at the same time; it might add to the enthusiasm. Then throw in a few of Charles Sumner's speeches, a handful of Beecher's sermons, and a bunch of John Brown's pikes; and the consternation among the Southerners would be complete [*ironical*].

Mortimer. You think thus to answer, with your slang and buffoonery; do you? Well, sir, it is some better than no answer; as the fellow thought about his character who was travelling on a certificate, obtained by fifteen years' service in the State prison—I say, it is some better. I notice

that people in contests, whether physical or in discussion, always use their best weapons; and when men resort to such cheap slang as you have just resorted to, it shows that they are entirely destitute of those better weapons: reason, argument, logic, and truth!

Pinckney. You urge reason, do you? Then let me ask you, if all the territory acquired since the old original thirteen States, has not been purchased with the common blood and treasure of the whole country?

Sleeper. Well, purchased for what? To be reclaimed, civilized and enlightened, and not to be blighted with the black curse of slavery! [*Sarcastically*] A slavery, too, in which you, *chivalrous* Southerners, debauch your servants and sell your own children. What a chivalry!

Pinckney. You lie, sir, you lie?

Sleeper. I guess, not! blood will tell—but if I happen to lie, how do you happen to have so many white slaves?

Marion. It is because of the cursed Yankee abolitionists who go down there.

Sleeper. Ha, ha! I like that! But it's a little too thin. Yankee abolitionists? You ought to say, Yankee propagationists. But hold a moment! I thought they were not allowed down there. How is that?

Marion. None of your cursed business. You, Yankees! stole, bought, worked and used slaves, as long as it would pay, and when it wouldn't, you sold them to us. Now you carry on a war, to rob and despoil us of the very property you sold us. But you will not succeed. Eight millions of Southerners will rise and drive the invaders from their sacred soil; already their clarion notes have driven your mudsills from Manassas in ignoble flight. And if you continue this aggression upon us, we will drive you, cursed Black Republicans, from the face of the earth.

Mortimer. There is no danger that such blatant blackguards, as you are, will ever be among those valiant pursuers!

Marion. Don't be too sure, ranting Republican! We have this day severed our connection with this college, and we go at once to join the confederate army. Since we

have been in this college we have received many insults, which our standing here would not permit us to resent,—but now we are free from these college restraints, and we will resent Northern aggression, whenever and wherever it comes. Now, since neither of you will have the courage to go anywhere near the scenes of the war, I will show you what else you, Northern cowards! would never see,—the Bonnie Blue Flag, the banner of our Confederacy [*produces a rebel flag, and waves it slowly a few times*]. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Sleeper. You can't wave that rebel rag on these grounds! [*He jumps to seize it and tramples it under his feet, while* PINCKNEY *makes an effort to prevent him, but is pushed back by* MORTIMER.] Treason shall be stamped out!

Marion. We'll meet again—and when we do [*pointing down to the flag*], you will recall this insult and regret it too! [*Going off towards* R.]

Sleeper. I may recall it; but if I regret anything, it will be that I did not give you such chastisement as your traitorous conduct and sentiments deserve [*looking after them*].

[*Exit* MARION *and* PINCKNEY.]

Mortimer. Jack! [*touching him with right hand on his left shoulder, to recall his attention*] This incident has settled my resolve. Our bleeding country needs our help, and why should we thus linger? In Germany, the universities are the great nurseries of liberty, and freedom's pioneers push out fresh and valiant from their classic shades. For us to be inactive, while our brothers are already at the front, and while our classmates and former friends,—but from this time our hated enemies: enemies to us, because enemies to our country,—are strengthening the rebel ranks. I say, for us to be inactive is criminal, and unworthy of the mothers who bore us.

Sleeper. Mortimer, you are right! I had hoped to finish our college course before the necessities for our service in the field would come. I am now satisfied we cannot do it. There never can be a time when our country will hold up her bleeding hands more piteously than she does now. So

give me your hand, and we will enlist at once, and anticipate the misguided zeal of our quondam friends — but now our bitter foes.

[*Exit towards* L. *slowly.*]

SCENE II.

A recruiting office.—Two chairs, table with writing materials and enlistment roll; flag hanging over table with a bugle upon it. CAPT. THORNDIKE *discovered writing.*

Enter SLEEPER *and* MORTIMER, M. E.

Sleeper. Good morning, Captain; how are enlistments?

Capt. Thorndike. Very fair; we are getting some men every day.

Mortimer. What regiment are you raising?

Capt. The 22d Massachusetts.

Sleeper [*to* MORTIMER]. That is Wilson's regiment, let us go in there.

Mortimer. That will suit me. [*Both sign the roll.*]

Capt. You will report at camp one week from to-day.

Enter OLD JOE, U. E.

Sleeper. Why, Old Joe; how do you do?

Old Joe. Pretty well, massa; how does you do?

Sleeper. Oh, I'm all right. But what are you doing here?

Joe. Ise gwarn fer to 'list.

Sleeper. Captain, here's a good man for you. If he can't carry a gun, he'll make a nice cook.

Capt. What's your name?

Joe. My name's Joe.

Capt. Joe, what?

Joe. No, sah; not Joe What; Ise Joe — dat's all.

Capt. What's your father's name?

Joe. Ise got none; neber had none; Ise only jest Joe, and nobody else.

Capt. Have you any brothers or sisters?

Joe. No, sah; neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no nothin' but Joe. When you see Joe, you see all there is of us.

Capt. Well, I think we shall want you. Can you write?

Joe. No, massa.

Capt. Put your finger on this pen while I write "Joe." [CAPT. *signs the roll while* JOE *holds his finger to the pen.*]

Enter JOHN HARDLIP, R., *and staggers against* OLD JOE.

Hardlip. Here, nigger, what are you doing? Get out of my way.

Capt. Don't make so much noise here. We can't have such a disturbance in the office.

Hardlip. Is this a recruiting office?

Capt. Yes.

Hardlip. Well, I want to enlist.

Capt. We don't want any such men as you. Government wants only steady, reliable men.

Hardlip. Well, I'm a steady, reliable man; don't you want me?

Capt. No, I can't take you. You are not in a condition to enlist.

Hardlip. I'll bet a canteen of whiskey that you will enlist me.

Capt. If I do, you shall have one.

Hardlip. What's that? [*Pointing at the bugle.*]

Capt. That's a bugle. Let it alone, you will injure it. [HARDLIP *takes it and blows a toot at* JOE, *who jumps with fright.*] Here, sir; put down that bugle, and leave the office.

Hardlip. Let me blow it once. [*Blows "Attention."*]

Capt. [*surprised.*] You can blow, it seems.

Hardlip. Yes, I'm called a great blower.

Capt. Is there any other call you can blow?

Hardlip. Yes; would you like to hear the "Reveille"?

Capt. Yes. [H. *blows it, and several other "calls."*] You do that very well. I think, after all, I will enlist you.

Hardlip. What's the bounty?

Capt. One hundred dollars.

Hardlip. Is that all?

Capt. No; you get thirteen dollars a month, board, clothes, medical attendance, and a chance to travel at government expense.

Hardlip. I always liked to travel, so I think I'll enlist [*signs the roll*]. Now, General, I want a canteen of whiskey.

Capt. You can't begin to draw whiskey rations so soon.

Hardlip. I want you to pay the bet. If the government backs out on the rations so quick, I'll *un*list. You bet a canteen of whiskey that you wouldn't enlist me, and here I am enlisted. Now, I want my whiskey.

Capt. You are right. [*calls*] Orderly! give this man a canteen of whiskey.

[*Exit* HARDLIP, R.]

Enter SERGEANT BLUSTER, L.

Sergeant Bluster. Is this a 'cruitering office?

Capt. Yes. Do you wish to enlist, sir?

Sergt. Well, considerable.

Capt. How much?

Sergt. There's a whole corps of us out here, who wants to enlist; and they want me to be Colonel of the company. They won't have anybody else.

Capt. Very well. There is no doubt but that, if your men are acceptable to the Government, you will receive your commission. Where are your friends?

Sergt. Just outside here, Colonel. Being an old veteran myself, I have already drilled and disciplined them; and if you would like to see them show how they can do it, I will bring them in.

Capt. Let us see them, then!

Sergt. [*retiring to the entrance*] Attention, corps! Come, fellows! March! Whoa, whoa! [*They straggle in, and are*

finally formed in line.] General [*saluting awkwardly*], here they are!

Capt. [*inspecting their general appearance and, rising, takes position in front of the left.*] A fine looking body of men, and will, without doubt, make good soldiers. Please exercise them in the manual!

Sergt. [*hesitating*] Manual—manual. I didn't understand you.

Capt. Exercise them in the manual of arms. Drill them with their muskets!

Sergt. Oh, yes! [*Confidently.*] Attention — battalion! Shoulder arms! Present arms! [*They all rush up to him with their guns.*] No, no. Present arms—like this [*shows them how*]. Order arms!

Capt. That will do for that, Sergeant. Now, exercise them in their facings. In two ranks form company! [SGT. *hesitating.*] Double them up! [SGT. *advances promptly to the right and proceeds to double the men up, by striking them in the stomach, and after doubling up about four.*] No, no! Form your company in two ranks, one behind the other!

Sergt. Oh, yes! Attention! From one straight string into two straight strings, git! [*They start off in every direction.*] Where in the devil are you gitting? [*He finally brings them into the proper position.*]

Capt. Now, in four ranks form company!

Sergt. From two straight strings into four straight strings, go! [*They finally bring them up in the right position*].

Capt. Front!

Sergt. Attention, battalion! By the right flank, file left, by inversion fifth wheel, on fifteenth company; take wheeling distance; forward, march! [*They move around awkwardly and come into line again, after a little trouble.*]

Capt. Very well done, Sergeant. Now it is necessary that you make a speech to them, and tell them what they will have to sacrifice when they leave their homes, and what they will be obliged to undergo when they are in service. Being an old veteran, you can doubtless do that.

Sergt. Now, men, you are goin' to war. Some of you will be officers, like me. You will have to leave home, and

you will have to sleep in a tent,—but there'll be lots of glory. Some of you will come home again, and some of you will get shot—[*they all start to run off the stage*]. Where are you goin', fellers? You ain't shot yet. [*They resume their positions.*]

Capt. That will do, Sergeant. You will now proceed with inspection of arms. [SGT. *goes down the line, examining the hands, arms, and shoulders of his men.*] Hold, Sergeant, what are you doing there?

Sergt. Inspecting their arms; and they have all got two, as far as I have gone.

Capt. No. Inspect their muskets. Spring the rammers, and place them in the barrels.

Sergt. Corporal Slim, go out and find a barrel.

Capt. What is that for?

Sergt. To put the rammers in.

Capt. No, no. Place the rammers in the barrels of their muskets.

Sergt. [*steps up promptly.*] Put your ramrods in your guns! [*They do so, and* SGT. *proceeds to inspect arms; he comes across one gun, from which the ramrod cannot be drawn; he takes the man out in the front, and they pull, and it finally comes out, throwing them both on the floor.* SGT. *springs up quickly and proceeds again along the line, and as he comes to the last one, he examines it closely.*] Come, fellers! Come up here and see this gun. This is just the kind I want you all to have, when we are in the army. [*The gun goes off, and they all drop and roll over;* SGT. *jumps quickly, shaking from head to foot.*] Get up—what are you afraid of? Look at me. Wait till I flinch. [*Another gun goes off, and they all drop again;* SGT. *more scared than ever. They finally get up again, and* SGT. *takes his position on the left and gives them "right dress."*]

Capt. That will do. I see that your men are well drilled and disciplined under your charge, and will, no doubt, make good soldiers, and deserve and receive due promotion. Sergeant, stack your arms, and have your men sign the roll.

Sergt. Stack arms! [*They throw them all in a heap on the floor, then sign the roll, and take their old positions again.*]

Capt. Your men are now dismissed for twenty-four hours, after which time they will report at Camp Staunton for duty. See that every man properly reports, as you are also responsible for their appearance. [*Salutes and takes his station at the table again.*]

Sergt. Attention — take arms. [*They all make a rush and carry them off.*]

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Public Square.

Enter Union regiment, as a battalion of three companies, and form three sides of a square, color company in the rear and centre, and come to "order arms."

Enter COL. PEARSON, *who is properly saluted, and taking command, drills the regiment in the manual of arms.*

Enter YOUNG LADIES, *with colors.*

First Lady. Mr. Commander, and Soldiers: — Called as you have been to leave the pursuits of peace, your friends, and your firesides, and to take upon yourselves the garb and arms of soldiers, in defence of those principles, which alone can make our homes the abodes of happiness, it seems but proper that we, who cannot take part in the active duties of the field, should show our appreciation of the patriotism and self devotion of those who have come forward to the help of our country in this her time of need. And what more fitting tribute can we bring than this banner, the emblem of our liberty and independence. Consecrated at its birth in blood, and now anew baptized on

many a well contested field, it yet retains its place in the affections of the people, free from stain or dishonor. I now present you this banner; and when, in the hour of conflict, you see the flag of our country waving over you, — may it bring back to your minds this scene, and the dear ones you have left behind; and may these thoughts inspire you to deeds of noble daring, so that no reproach shall be brought upon our cause or our country, by any neglect of any duty on your part; and may the God of our Fathers, who has brought us out of many diffiulties, cover your heads in the day of battle and bring you safely to your homes, to enjoy the peace and prosperity which we believe he will in his own time give to this people. [*Gives the flag to* COL. PEARSON.]

Col. Pearson. Ladies: In behalf of my command I accept the banner your kindness has bestowed upon us. We shall cherish its sacred folds not only for its significance as the emblem of our nation's glory, but for the pleasant memories that will hereafter cling to it. It will be our duty, and to you we pledge our honor, to defend this banner, and we will return proudly bearing it, or enfolded in it.

TABLEAU.

[*Curtain falls, with music "Star Spangled Banner."*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

Night bivouac of a Union regiment: their arms are stacked, forming three sides of a square; Color company in the rear and centre; the colors are furled and laid across the bayonets on the guns. The men are seen lying around in all directions, as if after a day's march. A sentry paces from R. *to* L., *in front. The men are talking, smoking, playing cards, &c. Finally a song is called for, which is given. Bugler then blows "taps," and the men turn in. Curtain drops and immediately rises. Bugler gets up and blows "Reveille," when all fall in and take arms.*

Enter GEN. WARREN *and Staff.*

Col. Pearson [*saluting*]. What is your pleasure?

Gen. Warren. I desire to inspect your command.

[*Regiment is inspected and then passes in review, and files off the stage.*]

SCENE II.

A Union Camp with tents, &c.

Enter GEN. GRANT; *slowly,* R.; *smoking a cigar, and paces across the stage. Enter* OLD JOE, R.

Gen. Grant [*calling*]. Orderly!

Enter Orderly, and salutes.

Gen. Grant. Orderly, go and bring Sergeant Sleeper.
[*Exit Orderly.*]

Enter SLEEPER, L.

Gen. Grant. Sergeant Sleeper, I have sent for you to engage in a perilous enterprise. I wish to know the extent and disposition of the enemy's force, and have selected you to undertake the difficult and, as you are aware, dangerous task. What do you say?

Sleeper. General, I accept the charge and will do the best I can.

Gen. Grant. Sergeant, here is a boy [*pointing to* JOE] who knows the ground, and he will go with you as a guide. Don't be rash, but — don't fail.

[*Exit* SLEEPER *and* JOE, R.—GRANT *standing* C.—*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.

An Outpost of the Confederate Camp.

Enter Officer, L. *with one company, and posts a sentry* C. *and marches off,* R. *Sentry proceeds to patrol front of stage. Enter* OLD JOE, R., *as* SENTY *approaches* L.

Old Joe [*soliloquizing*]. I knows dis ground ebry inch; I libbed hereabouts more than forty years, and I runned away sence dis war begun; and now I cummed down here agin with massa Jack Sleeper, jest for to show him de way; and I begin to be mighty skeery like, 'cause he is come along as a spyer. And if he and me gits cotched, then we's a goner, 'cause de rebs dey allus shoot de yankee when de find him, and kill de poor black nigger wheder or no. — Oh, de Lord hab massey on Old Joe! Here's a reb wid a gun. [*Shaking in his knees.*]

Sentry [*turns and challenges*]. Halt — who comes there?

Joe [*dropping on his knees and holding up his hands*]. Oh, de Lord hab massey. Massa, don't p'int dat gun dis way — it might go off.

Sentry. Who comes there, I say?

Joe [*shaking still*]. It's only me, goin' down yar to see de old woman.

Sentry. Show your pass, or you are a dead nigger in one minute.

Joe. Oh, — de Lord hab massey, massa! [*Feels in every part of his clothes for his pass, and finally finds it in his boot leg.*]

Sentry [*shouting*]. Lieutenant of the guard, Post 17!

Enter LIEUT. OF GUARD. — JOE *shows him the pass.*

Lieut. [*to the sentry*]. Let the nigger pass.

[*Exit* LIEUT.]

Joe [*going to* L., *solus*]. Oh, — de Lord be praised for the deliberance of Old Joe from the great red dragon! Ise mighty skeery as how dey will gobble up Massa Jack, do. I'll jest watch how he gets along wid de feller wid the big gun onto him. [*Watches from* L.]

Enter SLEEPER, R., *with long coat and slouch hat, disguised as an old Virginia farmer, who sees* SENTRY, L.

Sentry. Halt — who comes there?

Sleeper. Friend with the countersign.

Sentry. Advance, friend, and give the countersign. [SLEEPER *advances and* SENTRY *receives the countersign over the point of the bayonet.*] Countersign is correct — pass on.

[*Exit* OLD JOE, L., *followed soon by* SLEEPER.]

[*Exit* SENTRY, R.]

SCENE IV.

Confederate Camp and Council of War.

Enter Confederate Regiment, uniform grey jackets and caps and butternut pants, and takes position in rear, coming to "order arms."—COL. MAHON *commanding.*

Enter GEN. LEE *in full rebel uniform, with his Staff, including* MARION *and* PINCKNEY.

Col. Mahon. What is your pleasure, General?

Gen. Lee. I desire to inspect your command.

[*A general inspection is had;* SLEEPER *looks on from the wings; also* OLD JOE.]

Gen. Lee. Colonel; your troops present an excellent appearance. This is a Virginia regiment, I believe?

Col. Mahon. It is.

Gen. How long have you been in the service?

Col. Since the beginning of the war.

Gen. How many men in the hospital?

Col. Not more than twenty-five.

Gen. Have your troops ever been under fire?

Col. Several times.

Gen. How did they behave?

Col. Like Roman soldiers.

Gen. I am glad to hear it. I have always had occasion to be proud of Virginia soldiers, everywhere. Let them be prepared with four days rations — there is hard work just ahead. Let also the parade be dismissed.

[*The Regiment marches off,* R., *by the flank.* — OLD JOE *and* SLEEPER *remain.*—*The Staff and* COL. MAHON *assemble around* GEN. LEE.—SLEEPER *advances to listen.*]

Gen. Lee. Colonel Mahon, I desire you to remain. Your valor and fidelity to our cause are not unknown to me — I would reward them, and I take great pleasure in grant-

ing you the promotion your bravery merits: here is commission as Brigadier, and you are assigned to command the First Brigade of Virginia Volunteers.

[COL. MAHON *receives it, bowing.*]

Gen. Lee. Gentlemen, we are on the eve of an important movement, which I have no doubt, knowing the oft tried bravery of our troops, will prove to be a successful one, and a glorious victory for our arms. Lieut. Marion, you will take these dispatches to Gen. Hill, without delay, as they are very important: embodying, as they do, the plans of our proposed movement, which I soon shall lay before this Council of War.

[*Exit* MARION, R., *and* SLEEPER *starts to go, but attracts the attention of* PINCKNEY, *who walks slowly towards him.*]

Sleeper [*aside to* JOE]. If this man recognizes me, I am lost indeed. Joe, follow that man with those papers, — procure them if possible, and report with them to Gen. Grant, imforming him of my probable fate.

Pinckney [*to* JOE]. Get out, you black rascal! [*To* SL.]. Here, old man, what do you want around here? What is your business? Where do you live?

[*Exit* JOE, *after* MARION.]

Sleeper. I am an old man, living right down hyar, and have jest come from the mill, and am now goin' to the ole woman.

Pinckney. Get round here, and let me look at you. What are you afraid of? Do you ever go into the enemy's lines, and if so, how many are there?

Sleeper. There's a right smart heap of 'em down thar, but I don't go thar much, for I am for the Southern Confederacy. Three cheers for Jeff Davis — hip, hip, hip!

Pinckney [*still observing him closely*]. What! That is a little too thin, Jack Sleeper. [SLEEPER *throws off his disguise.*] General, there is a spy in the camp.

Gen. Lee. Do you know he is a spy?

Pinckney. I do. He was an old college chum and friend — once; but he is now a bitter enemy, a personal enemy: one from whom I have borne insult upon insult, such as Northern mudsills, like him, alone could invent. He is

found here in our camp, disguised as an old man, and what other business can he have than that of a spy, an accursed spy. Ah — Jack Sleeper, I have you now!

Gen. Lee. Hold — we must proceed in this investigation on other grounds than those of personal hatred. What is your business? What brings you to this place?

Sleeper. Obedience to the commands of my superior officer.

Gen. Lee. Young man! Your frankness and bravery deserve for you a better reward than to be shot as a spy; and you may escape your otherwise inevitable doom, the ignoble death of a condemned spy. Tell us of the numbers and positions and movements of the enemy — and your life shall be spared.

Sleeper. No — I will not! Though ten thousand deaths stare me in the face, I will not! I took a solemn oath before Heaven to defend and protect my country's flag from all dangers, within or without, — and shall I perjure myself? Never! Never will I do it, though I have the illustrious example of yourself before me: educated, nurtured and supported by the very country against which you are now employing those talents she improved in you, for her own defence. I had rather suffer ten times the death of a spy, ignominious as it is, than to live a perjured traitor.

[*Staff draw their swords, but* LEE *motions them back.*]

Gen. Lee. Young man! I have borne with your insolent and mad speech, because I admired your bravery and honesty. Had I not restrained them, these officers would have slain you on the spot, as your insolence deserves. I fear your own words have sealed your fate, otherwise I would have saved you, — if you would be saved. I can give you pardon, promotion, position — anything, which would induce you to give us the information desired. But you seem to be one of those misguided young men who prefer an ignominious death to a glorious and successful life. Your life is in your own hands; do with it as you will. Unless you consent to disclose, I shall at once lay your case before this Council of War. [*The Staff gather around him.*]

Sleeper. Hold, General [*hesitates*]. No, no! Proceed with your will. I will die, at least, with the consciousness of having done my duty to my general, my country, and my God!

Gen. Lee. Listen, impetuous youth! Your zeal overbalances your discretion — you are confessedly a spy. The doom of a spy, all the world over, is death, — death like a dog. You are young, full of health and hope; brave, I see, and honest. I would not therefore cut you off thus. Think of your situation; think that your death cannot affect the balances in this great struggle one hairsbreadth. If you die here, away from your comrades, alone, your example and your dead body will have no more influence on your cause, or in history, than the dead carcase of a mad dog.— Reflect! Think of your home — think of your pious mother who may at this time be commending you to Heaven — think of your wife, sitting alone in tears, watching for some tidings from you to-night — think of your cherub little boy, climbing upon his mother's knee and asking for his dear papa! Don't doom him to be the despised son of a miserable spy. For their sakes, will you not save yourself?

Sleeper [*reflectingly*]. General — don't tempt me. Let me meet my fate like a true soldier, and be worthy of the confidence reposed in me by my General, when he sent me hither. Oh! my dear mother, my dearest wife, my darling boy — I will not be unworthy of you all!

Gen. Lee. Further parlance seems to be useless. There seems to be no doubt that the prisoner is a spy, and should be treated as such. Gentlemen — what shall be his sentence?

All. Death!

Gen. Lee. Orderly, bring a guard.

Enter GUARD *who march the prisoner off,* U. E.

Gen. Lee [*unrolling the plan of battle*]. Gentlemen, from information in regard to the position of the enemy's lines, I have conceived this movement of our forces, which, no doubt, will result in a glorious victory for our arms, and also compel the enemy to give up their hold on the Wel-

don Railroad. As you are all well aware, that road is of vital importance to us, and must be retaken at any cost. The proposed movement will reach that end, if the plan is suddenly and promptly carried out; for, owing to the peculiar position of the enemy's lines, it is absolutely necessary that it be done at once. Their forces are disposed as follows: Crawford on the right (our left), Ayres in the centre; Griffin on the left, and refused. Now, between the right of Crawford and the Ninth Corps, which of course are to connect, and soon will, — for the enemy will soon discover it, — is a large gap, through which our troops are to move, and upon which our plan is based. As I mentioned before, this will have to be done at once, and with a determined force. My plan is this: To Gen. Hill is entrusted the execution of this movement, and I think his Corps alone will be able to accomplish it, as the enemy has only one Corps, the Fifth, to oppose him, and he has the advantage of a complete surprise. It is my desire that Gen. Mahon, of his Corps, be assigned as the flanking column, who will at once move up to the right and prepare to advance. After passing through the gap, he will turn to the left and sweep down in the rear of the enemy's line — thus completely flanking and at the same time surrounding them, making them all prisoners, and continue on towards the left, taking Ayres also in the flank. In the meantime one division will advance upon the centre, and Heath's division will strike the enemy's lines on the right, and, if possible, flank them on their left, — thus completely breaking up their flanks, take one division prisoners at least, and, by a well sustained attack upon their centre, sweep their whole line from their position on the Railroad, and compel him to retire to his former position at Petersburg. Let us add one more victory to our arms, and cause the name of the noble Army of Virginia once more to ring throughout the whole of our beloved Confederacy. Instructions have been sent to Gen. Hill to commence the attack at 5 o'clock P. M., and the heavy black clouds rolling up from the west betoken a severe storm of rain and lightning, under cover of which he will

advance his troops on the left, to be followed as soon as practicable by the whole line. Mahon is giving the signal for the fight. — Now, gentlemen, let us go to work with brave hearts and stout arms, and we will, God willing, win a glorious victory! The Council is dismissed. — Lieut. Pinckney, you will at once see that the prisoner, sentenced to be shot as a spy, immediately receives his doom.

[*Exit* GEN. LEE *and Staff*, R. — PINCKNEY, L.]

SCENE V.

Execution of the Spy.

One Company of the Confederate Regiment discovered at "shoulder arms," L., *with* SLEEPER *in position in* R. C. — PINCKNEY *in* U. C.

Pinckney. Jack Sleeper! Three years ago, when you insulted us repeatedly at a Northern College, and finally trod the noble banner of our Confederacy beneath your hasty feet, little did you think that you would ever be in my power. At my special request, I have been directed by the General to take charge of your execution. We told you, then, that you would recall that insult and regret it too.

Sleeper. I regret nothing I have ever done in behalf of my country, or in opposition to her enemies.

Pinckney. You are still obstinate? Then, by order of Gen. Lee, you have only two minutes to live, unless you desire to avail yourself of his great generosity. He directs me to say that, notwithstanding your sentence as a spy, still he will pardon you, if you disclose the number and disposition of the Federal forces.

Sleeper. What — betray my country? Never!

Pinckney. Then you must die. [*Proceeds to bandage his*

eyes, and returns to his place.] You have now only thirty seconds to live—and as you die, so should all Northern abolitionists!—Lieutenant, the signal for the execution of the prisoner will be the discharge of my pistol in the air. [*Looks at his watch and then at* SLEEPER, *some ten seconds; then commences to raise his pistol; when pistol is level, squad gets ready to fire. When* LIEUT. OF SQUAD *says* Aim! *the Union forces commence firing,* R., *some distance, in a sort of skirmish fire.* PINCKNEY *falls, and two men of squad also; the rest run away.* LIEUT. *rushes to* PINCKNEY, *but is forced to leave him, the Union troops led by* MORTIMER *rushing on, and he fights off stage, backwards.*]

Mortimer [*recognizing* SLEEPER]. What, Jack Sleeper saved? We thought you were dead, knowing of your capture as a spy. The main body of our army is near, and we were pushed forward as a reconnoitering party; and we came up just in time to save your bacon.

Sleeper. Well, yes—you didn't get here any too soon.

[*Other Union troops come up.*]

Mortimer. Now, boys—three cheers for Jack Sleeper!

[*All cheer, and Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI.

A Field with woods in the distance.

Enter MARION, R., *with the dispatches in his hand, followed slyly by* OLD JOE, *who steals the pistol from* MARION'S *belt and then seizes the dispatches with his left hand, and springs back into an attitude of defence, covering* MARION *with the pistol.* MARION *turns quickly, and discovers him. He feels for his pistol, but sees that* JOE *has it.*

Marion. What are you doing, you black nigger?

Joe. Me—hey? Ise carryin' de papers from Gen. Lee. [*Shows them and shakes them.*]

Marion. Who are you? [*Approaching him a little.*]

Joe. Stand where ye was, massa—jest where ye was—and I'll gib you de desired inflammation. [MARION *stands back sullenly.*] Me—hey? Ise "Old Joe." Don't you know me?

Marion. What—Old Joe? My father's run-away slave!

Joe. Yes, massa Marion. [*Lowers the pistol a little*]. Your fader and you formerly had the honor to command me. I now hab the honor to command you—ha, ha!

Marion [*drawing his sword*]. And I am still master.

Joe [*raising the pistol again*]. Not for Joseph—no, sah, no; not for Old Joe. Put down that sword!

Marion. Never.

Joe. Put down dat sword—put it down on de ground. I'll gib you jest while I count sebenteen, and, if you hab not done it den, I shoot you for disobedience ob commands of your superior ossifers. [*Counts*] One, two, free, seben, ten, firteen, fifteen—[MARION *throws down sword.*] You done dat hansom. Now tell me—what am dese papers?

[MARION *sullenly refuses to speak.*]

Joe. No—no tell? I repeat de conundrum: What am dese papers? I'll gib you while I count sebenteen to tell. One, two, six, firteen—

Marion. Those are dispatches from Gen. Lee to Gen. Hill, and if I don't recover them from you, I shall be shot.

Joe. You'll be shot if you do, so where be de difference ob de choice? You say dese be 'spatches from Gen. Lee to Gen. Hill. Berry well! You gib my 'spects to Gen. Lee and say you delibbered dem like a man. Tell him, I recebed dem all right.

[OLD JOE *backs off,* R., *still pointing pistol at* MARION.]

Marion [*picking up his sword, follows him*]. I will recover those dispatches yet.

[*Exit* MARION.—*Curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

Union Camp and Council of War.

GEN. GRANT *discovered smoking, walking* L. *Roll of plans on two drums for table. Two Staff officers,* R.

Gen. Grant. Lieut. Benson, present my compliments to Gen. Warren, and request him to report at these headquarters at once. [LIEUT. *retires.*]

Enter GEN. WARREN *and Staff.*

Grant. Allow me, General, to congratulate you and your command upon your great victory in taking possession of the Weldon Railroad, and to thank you personally for the judicious and excellent manner in which you accomplished it.

Warren. Thanks, General, for your kindness; but I can only say that as, in the past, I have ever merited and received your confidence, so, in the future, you will always find me ready and willing to carry out any and all instructions you may honor me to execute.

Grant. When I repeat that you have the highest place in my confidence and esteem, I utter no more than you deserve, and you may rest assured that the name of your last victory will ever be coupled with that of yours and the gallant Fifth Corps, of which I am happy to say that you are its trusted and beloved Commander; and you can feel the happy consciousness of receiving the confidence of your Commanding General, of the country, and last, but not least, that of your men, — of which any man can but be proud. You have fairly earned your honors by hard

service, and let no man, either in the present or future, ever endeavor to deprive you of them, for it can bring nothing but merited and lasting disgrace upon them. [*Moving towards the plans of battle.*] But, General, we have other business of moment before us; having won the ground, we must be sure that we can hold it,—for the enemy will make any and all efforts to regain the Road. What is the present position of your several Divisions?

Warren. My lines are thus formed and connected:—Crawford on the right, to connect with Parks of the Ninth Corps; Ayers in the centre; Griffin on the left, and refused, with my artillery and reserves properly posted, to repel an attack.

Grant. Your dispositions meet my approbation; but, but, General, are you well assured that your connection has been made with the Ninth Corps?

Warren. Yes, General; I have no doubt on that score—though my confidence in one of my Division Commanders, on the right, is slightly impaired; but knowing, as he does, the importance of the position, I can hardly doubt that he has carried out my instructions.

Grant. Very well; I do not see but that all things are in proper shape to meet an attack, which, if made, will be —as ever—gallantly repulsed by your brave men. The Council is dismissed.

Enter SLEEPER, *hurriedly.*

Sleeper. General, I have the honor to report that I entered the enemy's lines safely. In attempting to get out I was taken, but as they were about to shoot me, our boys drove in their pickets and rescued me. These dispatches from Lee to Hill give you the key to their proposed movement.

Grant. Sergeant, you have done us a great service, and hereafter you will be known as Lieut. Sleeper.

[*Exit* SLEEPER.]

Grant [*opens the dispatches and discovers the plan of the enemy*]. General Warren, your right is not connected with Parks, and the enemy has prepared to move through the gap. See to it at once, that the connection be made. [*Looking through the glass, and a few shots are heard.*] But it is too late now, as they have already commenced the attack.

Warren. Lieut., you will direct Crawford to recover the ground at once, if lost. (The scoundrel!) You will order Ayers to be ready to repel an attack, and see that his lines are well in hand to meet an attack in front, or on the flank. You will also carry the same order to Griffin, whom we can trust with the execution of all our orders.

[*Exit* GENERALS. *The firing growing nearer and nearer.*]

SCENE II

A Field.

Enter Rebel skirmishers R. *firing. Enter Union skirmishers* L. *firing, and Rebels slowly retire. Enter Rebel main line* L., *and Federals retire. Enter Federal main line* R. *on a "charge." The Rebel reserve enter* L. *at same time. Several fall; a hand-to-hand fight occurs. Tableaux.*

SCENE III.

A Battle field at Night.

The dead and wounded are discovered lying around in all directions, both Union and Rebel. SLEEPER *and* HARDLIP *in the foreground. Groans and cries for water are heard. — Enter Rebel officers, and take names and numbers of dead and wounded. — Enter Sisters of Charity, to minister to the wounded. — Enter* JOE, *looking cautiously around; finds a bugle, takes it up and examines it.*

Old Joe. Lord, hab massey! If this yere ain't massa John's bugle, and I wonder whar he am. P'raps de rebs dey carry him off [*looks around*]. Oh, de Lord be praised! here's massa John. [*Goes up to him, but just as he is about to kneel beside him, he discovers* SLEEPER, *just beyond, and goes to him*]. What! Massa Jack here, too. [*Kneels down beside him.*] Massa Jack, massa Jack! Don't you know me? Me — Old Joe! Speak to Old Joe, — Massa Jack! [*Taking him up in his arms.*]

Sleeper. Water, water! Is this you, Old Joe? [JOE *raises him to almost a sitting posture.*] That's easier; but Old Joe — water, water! In my canteen — [*groans, as if in pain*] over there —

Joe [*finally reaching it*]. Da'is no water here, massa Jack.

Sleeper. Oh, I forgot — I gave it to that rebel soldier, and he has drank it all. But never mind, Joe [*sinking back*].

Joe. Hold on, massa Jack. Old Joe will get some — quicker nor a second. [*Lays* SLEEPER *down carefully.*]

[*Exit* JOE.]

Enter MARION *with two men with stretchers. He looks around and discovers* HARDLIP.

Marion. Here, men, take this Yank to the rear, and return at once, as I may perhaps have another load for you. For if I am not mistaken, I saw my old enemy, Jack Sleeper, fall during the fight; and I shall find him, if he is here. [*Continues on, and discovers* SLEEPER, *just as* JOE *is giving him water.*] Get out, you black rascal! [*Pushes* JOE *aside.*] Here is also my bitter enemy! Jack Sleeper, I will see that you shall have all the water you need. I shall now revenge my own injuries, as well as the death of my old friend and companion-in-arms, Pinckney. Ah, Jack — I shall look to it, in the future, that you shall find ample occasion to recall and regret that insult at your Northern College. Remember that my vengeance will be bitter and merciless, where none of your Yankee hordes will have a change to rescue you, for a second time, from your just fate. I —

Sister of Charity. Hold, children — peace, peace! Let not your unholy passions desecrate such a solemn scene as this, where brothers slain by brothers lie together in death. Peace, peace! [*Clasps her hands and lifts her eyes to heaven.*]

Marion. Away with such nonsense. Here, men — take this northern abolitionist hireling to the rear, and I will see that he is properly cared for.

[*Exit men, followed by* MARION.]

Joe. Oh, de Lord hab massy on massa Jack. He's a goner now, sure. Good bye, massa Jack, for I shall neber see you more [*sinks down and weeps*].

TABLEAUX.

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOURTH.

Prison Pen at Andersonville.

Stockade across rear of stage with Rebel sentries seen over the top of it. The Prisoners are discovered in an emaciated and almost naked condition, crawling around, trying to pick up something to eat. SLEEPER *and* HARDLIP *are among them.*

Sleeper [*soliloquizing*]. Oh, how long is this terrible scene of destitution, suffering, and death from starvation, to be placed before me! I see my comrades pass away by scores daily, happy to be relieved from their agony, with even a smile upon their pallid countenances, as if they had seen a happier future beyond. Oh, my heart will break or my reason be dethroned, if I am spared to witness this scene longer. Still one thought consoles me, that our boys are loyal still to our noble flag, though inducements of every kind have been offered to desert it; but noble boys, worthy of noble sires, they are not to be bought; starvation first—death next—preferred to desertion! I have little to expect myself, as my old enemy is in charge of this prison, and he has reserved me for a worse fate. But here he comes, to vent his unearthly spite upon us all, and especially myself.

Enter MARION, *when all the prisoners, except* SLEEPER, *cower before him.*

Marion. Ha, ha—cower down, you miserable dogs, as you are. I will teach you much yet. I have not done with you. Jack Sleeper, proud and insolent as ever? I will tame you too.

Sleeper. If I am the cause of all this untold suffering among my comrades, let me be your victim alone, and save them.

Marion. "I like that." You want me to end your life and sufferings? That is far from my intentions. If I should have desired that, I could have had you executed as a spy, when I discovered you on the field that night. But no—I had other things in store for you, and you have but just commenced your life under my hospitable care and treatment. So look to yourself, master Jack, and keep your

tongue as quiet as possible. [*To the sentries*] Thirty days' furlough to the man who kills a Yank crossing the dead line. [*They all cry for bread, and crowd up to him.*] Back, you miserable dogs! You want bread, do you? I will give you bread. [*Brings in a guard, who charge bayonets and drive them to the wall.*] Ha, ha—I'll teach you to cry for bread. [*The guard backward march and file off.* MARION *then throws in a lot of bread, when all the prisoners scramble for it, and almost fight over it.*]

A Prisoner. Water, water—oh, for one drink of water.

Another. Poor Sam, dying of fever and starvation—what can we, what shall we do for him? [*He starts for water, but is shot when crossing the dead line.*]

Enter MARION.

Marion. Thirty days furlough, and my thanks for your prompt action. [*To the Prisoners*] Drag in the carcase among you; it will be a fitting companion for you. One more of the cursed Yankee dogs gone! [*He starts to go.*]

Hardlip. You mean, despicable, cowardly rebel, as you are! Not daring to fight us in the open field, you are brave enough among a lot of starving, weak and miserable wretches, as we are; but your time will come—and may your death be as terrible as what you have afflicted on us.

Marion. You little sneaking Yank—I will learn you to utter your maledictions upon me; we shall hear no more of it. [*Shoots him.*]

All. Shame—shame!

[*Exit* MARION.]

Sleeper. One more account for him to settle with us—one more outrage to revenge.

[*They take up the body and cover it with a blanket.*]

Sleeper. This will never do; something must be done, or else we shall all go mad. Their reason almost totters now, and we must change this terrible monotony. I will try a song, one we used to sing, and see if it will not cheer them up.

Enter HARRY SMART, *followed by* MARION.

All. Fresh Fish, Fresh Fish!

Smart. Halloa, is that you? [*He starts to go to them.*]

Marion. Yank, come here [*he hesitates*]. Come here, I say [*levels his pistol at him*]:

All. You had better go.

Marion. Give me that hat [*he hesitates*].

All. You had better give it to him.

Marion. Come down with your trinkets. Give me that watch you put in your boot; I saw you do it. Come down [*he hesitates*].

All. Give it to him. [*He gives.*]

Smart. Remember I give that under protest.

Marion. Now go among the rest of your miserable Yankee wretches and learn to starve like them. [*Exit* M.]

Smart. Well, boys — what, Joe, Jim, Bill. You look rather thin; who is that fellow?

One. That's Fatty Miller; don't you know him?

Miller. That's me. They used to call me Fatty — they call me Skinny now.

Smart. Keep up good heart, boys. Our army under Sherman is but a day's march from here; I was captured while on a bummer's expedition. Don't despair — you won't stay here long now — you may depend upon that.

[SLEEPER *sings the first verse of* "Tramp, tramp," *and the chorus is sung by the rest in feeble tone. The men cheer up and join the second chorus with louder voices. All gather around him, as he sings the third verse, which chorus is ended by a volley from the outside, when the sentinels fall. The Union forces rush in and give three cheers, bringing* MARION *with them.* MORTIMER *rushes to* SLEEPER *and they embrace.*]

Mortimer. Hurrah, boys — cheer for your old flag — that's the old glory — cheer, boys, cheer! [*The men crowd up, and some take the flag and kiss it.*]

Smart [*to Marion*]. Here, come down with that hat, come down [*he gives it*]. Give me that watch; you remember I gave it to you under protest. Our turn has come. [*He gives it up.*]

Mortimer. What fiend in human shape has caused all this misery and death?

All [*pointing at* MARION]. There he stands.

Mortimer. What, Marion, my old enemy and your's too, Jack! Make him kiss the flag. [*They wave it over him, but he flings it defiantly aside.*] He won't touch it? *Make* him kiss it. [*They stuff the folds in his mouth.*] There, Marion, you did do one thing you didn't want to do. [*One of the boys takes* MORTIMER *to the dead body of* HARDLIP.] Who did that? My old friend and bugler. Tell me the man, or rather wretch who did this.

All. There he stands.

[MORTIMER *levels his pistol and shoots* MARION, *who falls near the body of* HARDLIP, *uttering curses on them all.*]

Sleeper. Many are the crimes avenged in your death, vile traitor.

TABLEAUX.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene Appomatox Court House.

A Union Rgt. in two ranks at "carry arms," with SLEEPER *in command as Colonel, is found formed* R. *Near the rear center is* GEN. GRANT *with Staff, among which is* MORTIMER *as an officer.—Enter Rebel officer with flag of truce, approaches* GEN. GRANT *and delivers a dispatch.* GRANT *receives it, consults with his Staff, and hastily writes a note, which Rebel officer takes and retires. Re-enter Rebel officer with a bundle of other dispatches.—Enter Rebel troops, who file* R. *and form in two ranks* L.

Rebel Officer [*after aligning troops*]. Present arms! Carry arms! Order arms! Ground arms!

Enter GEN. LEE, *uncovered, with two or three of his Staff, and comes to within a few steps of* GEN. GRANT.

Gen. Lee. General Grant, I have accepted your terms of capitulation and surrender of the Confederate army. It only remains for me to deliver up my sword to my magnanimous conqueror. [*Proceeds to deliver it up.*]

Gen. Grant. General Lee, your intrepid courage challenges my respect and admiration, and I allow you and your officers to retain your side arms. Your subordinate officers will sign the parole for their respective commands, and will be held responsible for its observance.

TABLEAUX.

END OF ACT FIFTH.

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